I Don’t See Annie Anymore - Owen Brennan

A nice Meenaward memory for me was the summer of 2000. It was a lovely day, Seamus was "in the town". (away drinking) With nothing much to do I was standing at the front door step looking at the views remembering my summers there and how much I looked forward to Saturdays. That was the day my godmother Annie came up from Derry where she worked in a shirt factory. I got a pen and paper, sat on the doorstep and started to write about it. It took a couple of days after I got home to finish the poem.

I don't see Annie Anymore - © Owen Brennan 2000

Standing by the red rust gate
where it joins onto the post.
Waiting on a Saturday
for the time I loved the most.
The Derry bus crawls over Drim
It's progress like the clock.
Perhaps it won't reach Rushfield Lane
or maybe it won't stop.
Granny's voice calls laughing
"Any sign of her?"
Sleeves rolled up from baking
and apron full of flour.
Up top the post I scramble
Eyes keen like the hawk.
My Aunt Annie's coming
around big Rushfield rock.
With comic books and chocolate bars
and company for play.
Annie made it heaven
On a summer Saturday.
But trees and time have covered up
unlike those days before.
I cannot see the big rock.
And I don't see Annie anymore.